

I could go on
but I feel by now
I've made the point,
and as the people come home this evening
from the war
and sit at their tables to eat and
talk, and perhaps later
love
if they are not too tired,
don't tell them that all life is a matter of luck --
good and bad.
they know it's a matter of
doing or dying.
Hitler, Ty Cobb, the man at the vegetable stand --
they knew and know the workings.

save your fairy tales for the smaller
children. they'll learn the real story
soon enough.

A Warm Afternoon Just Off Sunset Boulevard

the fire engines swing out
and the clouds listen to Shostakovich
as a woman dumps a bucket of piss
into a row of geranium pots
and as the State readies for Revolution
I feed a cat
who has the soul of a band-aid
and one ear missing,
then I throw him out
go over in the corner and try to tune
my broken guitar
as somebody drives by out front
at 60 m.p.h. with his
hair
on fire. he's
running from the grave.
"damn you, Madame Bovary," I say
to the lady
sitting on the couch,
"you haven't given me a decent blowjob
in months."

she grins and wets her lips.

I put on symphony #2 by some Swede,
moderne.
the Madame takes out her teeth
and I throw myself upon the floor

like a
dead man,
thinking,
whatever happened to that essay
I was going to write on
Our Overpayment to Camus and Other French
Bums?
or was it French buns?
I reached out and killed a passing moth
as the Madame
bent down and created art and
me.

yes

rejoice and
asunder.
bake
beans.
dream of
marmalade.
understand
murder and
hypocrisy. understand
Cervantes.
learn to
spell.

walk down the street
with your daughter,
each eating an
icecream
cone.

learn to
die.

boil near left elbow

the death-smell of my stockings
is viciously
imperfect

I drown in vast hindu dreams of
inexperience

hello my darling daughter
hello my fishtail stupid
night

everything I have is
free.

-- Charles Bukowski

Los Angeles, California